

Evening Ledger

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1916.

Not by years, but by disposition, is wisdom acquired.—Plautus.

More reason than ever for a Patriotism Day.

Verdun will yet be graven on the heart of some nation.

Anyhow, there is real preparedness along the border.

The new Secretary of War was in it before he knew he had begun.

When Villa gets through with the United States there won't be any Villa.

Maybe the Mayor will be able to see in the South what a town without rapid transit looks like.

Yet there will still be found in our midst a man to say, "Things are dull and there is no news."

The Moewe does not appear to have been properly impressed with the fact that Britannia rules the wave.

The Swedish Parliament, which has refused to call a peace conference of neutral nations, evidently knows what happens to buttress-in.

How about 8-cent exchange tickets? Are they any more "reasonable" than the electric light rates were? Are they, in fact, legal?

After all the hubbub that's been kicked up about it, it shouldn't be necessary to warn any newspaper-reading American about traveling on armed ships.

Senator Ashurst says that grapes are better than grape juice to use in dealing with Mexican bandits. He would better watch out or Mr. Bryan will get him.

There is no truth in the report that the Atlantic fleet has been ordered to report to Columbus, N. M., at once. The expedition is to be a military, not a naval one.

The Workmen's Compensation Board has been asked to determine "what is agriculture." It isn't planting mushrooms in the cellar and buying limousines with the profits.

Funston has been a bandit-getter ever since he took up that profession in the Philippines years ago. The harder they are to get the more certain he is to get them.

My Lady Nicotine is recognized as one of the most valuable nurses in the war hospitals. That is why contributions are asked here for the fund to buy tobacco for the Belgian soldiers.

There was about half a billion dollars more in circulation in February of this year than in the same month last year, or an average increase of about \$5 per capita. Did you discover this before the Treasury Department gave out the figures?

Let us hope that no sockless, collarless statesman will now arise and offer a resolution warning Americans to keep out of New Mexico, because bandits have made living there dangerous. If we cannot protect our citizens in foreign lands, we can at least protect them in our own.

The cities of the State spend about 30 cents a year for preserving the health of each citizen. If they would use for wiping out preventable diseases part of the amount wasted each year by the politicians, the death rate would show a marked decrease.

It is fitting that at Philadelphia, the Cradle of Liberty, such a day should be celebrated.—President Boehm, of the Ad Men's Club, of Atlanta.

Quite so, and even more fitting that it should be celebrated at such a period in the world's history.

The delegates to the Pan-American Congress in Washington two or three months ago knew more about American history than the American delegates knew of the history of the South American countries. Harvard has established a chair of Latin-American history and elected a scholar from Argentina to fill it, but it will take more than one professor to teach us what we ought to know of the countries to the south of us.

Working one's way through college has its disadvantages, as the secretary of the University Employment Bureau points out; but there is now and then a young man who can start his college course handicapped by poverty and yet get so good an education that he can outdistance his more fortunate competitors in the race for success in after life. But after all, the average boy with only \$300 a year is likely to get more out of his college course than the boy with \$5000 a year.

Is it any more of a crime for a man to write a letter to a member of Congress asking him to vote for something for his benefit than it is for a member of Congress to write a letter to his constituents asking them to continue him in office at \$7500 a year? queried Congressman Martin B. Madden, of Illinois, during the debate on the postoffice appropriation bill. "Not a bit," was his own answer. The only difference is that the constituent pays two cents each to write his Congressman, while the Con-

gressman probably sends out a dozen speeches of "Extension of Remarks" under the franking privilege, which the constituent pays for indirectly. Of course, there is no crime on the part of the constituent; but it is a mooted question with respect to the Congressman.

FORWARD AT LAST

The Administration has at last decided. Anarchy along the border must end. Villa must be put out of the way. Peace must reign in Mexico even if we have to enforce it with the bayonet. The possibility of complications, while great, cannot deter the nation in the performance of a bounden duty.

A LONG series of outrages, in which the United States has given the appearance of acquiescence by unparliamentary patience and tolerance, has resulted finally in a sort of anarchy within our own borders. The depredations of the Mexican bandits are of such a character that not even an optimist can expect any permanent relief for American citizens along the border until the extirpation of these outlaws is accomplished. Such extirpation is not possible except through the active work of the United States itself, the futility of the Carranza Government's efforts to preserve order having been long since established.

There remains, therefore, but one thing for Washington to do. On the proper course it has determined, after a long period of hesitation. The program will be backed by the virtually unanimous approval of American citizens. If it should appear, however, that the Administration's decision is an impulse and not a deliberate conclusion, to be resolutely followed, there will result no gain whatever to this nation. It will instead be a realer prey for any other set of bandits that may decide to wage war.

The country is against another expedition of the sort that went to Vera Cruz. It expects, as it has a right to expect, that this time there will be no withdrawal until the objects of the incursion have been achieved. It looks to the Administration to pursue with vigor the course now begun, be the cost what it may. There can be no cost comparable to the humiliation visited upon a people who are unwilling to fight for their rights and to vindicate them on all occasions.

It is proper that the American people should realize the potential gravity of the situation. General Scott, who is one of the best informed men in the country in his knowledge of the Mexican character, makes no secret of his fears that our action may be misunderstood. The Carranza forces have not suddenly been purified. They are one with the bandits under Villa, so far as love of spoils is concerned. All alike are adventurers, and it may well suit the purposes of the several leaders to unite in a so-called "patriotic" war against the invader. If they do, not 10,000 nor even twice 10,000 men will be sufficient to reduce the country to order.

Villa may realize his hopes and by his boldness join to him in general defense Mexicans of all shades of political opinion. We do not believe it, for we are convinced that the great masses of Mexicans are weary of the chaos in which they have been enveloped. But it is just as well for citizens to realize that the expedition may become an army of occupation, in which case it will be months and years, instead of days and weeks, before a return to normal conditions may reasonably be anticipated. We take it that public opinion is prepared to face the consequences, be they what they may. The character of the country favors the bandits, and it will be remembered that the Italians had a hard time of it in Tripoli. The American soldier will give a good account of himself, no matter what the difficulties, but peace on the frontier will not be won without some losses.

That there will be rest and quiet and lasting peace is assured. What happened in Nicaragua may happen in Mexico. It is hard that a great, peace-loving nation should be compelled to deal with a highwayman among nations, but the police duty is ours not only as a result of our closeness to Mexico, but also on account of the hegemony which we assume in this hemisphere. It is a duty we have to long neglected. The end of Villa and of brigandage is in sight. It may not be tomorrow or the next day, but it is as certain as the setting of the sun. The prayer of the nation is that it may be achieved without too great loss of good American lives, lives which are, however, willingly offered in the furtherance of our good purposes.

HATS OFF TO COOKE

IT WAS not many months ago that a disposition was evident among some people to question the value of the services of the Blankenburg Administration to the city. Those services were, in fact, many and great, but none was more spectacular or more deserving of high praise than the accomplishment of former Director Morris L. Cooke, who, in the face of bitter criticism and hard fighting, laid the groundwork for and fought to a successful conclusion the campaign for lower rates for electricity.

A particularly pleasing feature of the outcome is the general belief that the new rates will not be more beneficial to the city than they will be to the company itself, which will undoubtedly gain through the greater volume of business offering. It is a matter for public gratulation that a conclusion so satisfactory was reached, and there is much more appreciation of Mr. Cooke's service than he is likely ever to hear about.

PROTECTION AND EFFICIENCY

GROWTH of protectionist sentiment in England, although given a temporary setback by the firm free trade attitude of 30 of the 33 directors of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, is indicative of the advent of a new kind of efficiency and preparedness in the United Kingdom. England has always had a substitute for protection in her control of ocean freight rates, which she has skillfully used to her own advantage. But this will no longer suffice in the changed conditions prevalent in the world. Free trade England will furnish discussion only for historians in the decades to come.

Tom Daly's Column

OUR VILLAGE POET.
Whenever it's a Saturday and all my work is through
I like to walk on Chestnut Street to see what news is new.
Indeed, I HAD to walk this afternoon, because, you see,
The cars they wasn't runnin' with no regularity;
At first I couldn't gather what the trouble was at all,
But finally I seen it when I got to City Hall.
For there the cars were stalled; an', like so many jumpin' jacks,
Were Jim and Ed and Brother Bill, a-blookin' up the tracks.
An' a-helppin' of His Honor, dear misguided little man,
To turn a funny flip-flop on the Rapid Transit plan.
'T'was heard, I think I, "that every cloud has got its silver lining,"
But 'round this place I seem to see few rosy hopes in-Twainin'."
I laughed right out, an' some one asked: "Say, is it your intent
To borrow trouble hereabouts?" An' I sez: "No, it's Lent."
That started me a-laughin' more, but didn't stop me acin'
That he was kind o' smilin', too—an' it was Jimmy Sheehan.
"Oho! No bouchol' here!" sez I, "there's very little doubt,
But you're the lad that has the news to make you smile about."
It was his grand old mother's health that made him so clate;
Just weathered pleasin' an' grip, an' she's 98!
It seems we ain't a-growin' folks these days to live so long;
An' yet—we've started "Baby Week" to make the baby strong.
An' you along on top o' this we're startin' right away
To get in line for June-time an' our "Patriotism day."
Looks like this derved old world'd be some better by an' by,
If things keep on improvin' like they ought to, an' that's the why.
Whenever it's a Saturday an' all my work is through
I like to walk on Chestnut Street an' see what news is new.

IN connection with "Baby Week," it may not be uninteresting to quote from Jeddiah Morse's "American Geography," published in 1789, this line or two relating to the Philadelphia of his day:
"Nearly one-half of the children born in Philadelphia die under two years of age, and chiefly with a disease in the stomach and bowels.

Big Profits
Some men build better than they know,
In such things being unskilled;
Some building operators though,
Know better than they build.

IT'S a crime to maintain a desk as disheveled and frowzy as ours is, but early in our career some one must have assured us that sort of thing was a mark of genius, and from affectation it became a fixed habit. At any rate, digging among the dross there we occasionally turn up an unexpected nugget. We don't remember to have seen before this from J. M. C., which has probably been buried for weeks:
It mightn't be amiss if you should find that there's one story about motoring you don't know. A friend of mine has a bug, which can go the lightning. It has an 8-horse motor, and hardly anything to pull, the machine being just a skeleton. But its speed would scare the wits out of the flying Dutchman.
One day he overtook an old farmer and gave him a ride toward town. The speed of the machine finally did attract the watchdog's attention.
Between the quills he hollered:
"Kin you go any faster?"
My friend said, "Sure," and put it all on. In about a minute Farmer Greyface hollered at the top of his lungs:
"She can go, all right. How's she on the brakes?"
"Fine," said my friend, and he stopped her inside of 20 feet.
"Yep," said the farmer, "and it'll be \$100 or so in a month. My office is right across the street."

The Superfluity
A letter sent out from the office of the P. L., addressed to Hon. Charles E. Barclay, Sinnamahoning, Pa., comes back marked "Deceased." Cannot be delivered.

What'llwe call it?
I WOULDN'T ask any reader to try to write verses like the following, but I should like to get a name for this peculiar art product:
Oh, see the pretty butterfly,
So nonchalantly flutter by,
To boast the EVENING LEDGER high,
Your writers must not hedge or lie,
MAC.

Arthur Guiterman uses the form and calls it "twist-rhyme." In his book "The Laughing Muse" we find these lines built much upon the plan of Mac's:
TWIST-RHYME ON WOMEN.
Some women walk in hobbie skirts,
While others wear and cobble skirts.
Equipped with pan for cake and book,
The prudent learn to bake and cook;
Though many, seaward hurling care,
Devote their time to curling hair.
Yet all though coyly seeming chill,
For simple youths are scheming ill;
With every eye-glance mangling ten,
They weave their webs for tangling men.

Gems From "Luck in Disguise"
(A novel written in good faith by William J. Yester, revised and edited by L. E. Cutler and copyrighted 1908 by John W. Lovell Co., N. Y.)
HENRY retired early, thinking to tranquil his burdensome mind. Poor boy! his mind was completely mystified.
"Is it John's twin brother, and I think it is too bad they are deprived of being together no oftener."
"Suppose they have a father, and he a poor, worthless inheritor, must we as rational human beings suffer their tender, helpless forms to perish from the cold to which they are now exposed, or die from hunger, when our table and pantry are well supplied with the enormous weight of dainties, as well as substantial food, prepared by Mary, expressly for this occasion, that we might eat, drink, give to our neighbors, that we may all be merry?"
"The invalid ladies husband, oh! Where is he! Ah it's sad! In an unguarded moment he was superinduced by his ravenous appetite to indulge in the use of strong drink, until he was temporarily bedridden, and, during his absence of reason he committed the crime, hence his enthrallment by the law."

On a White Leghorn egg, got by Miss Harriet Frances, daughter of James Frances, of McKees Rocks, on Sunday, February 27, in raised script has been discovered this legend: "The end of time—1914." The remarkable egg has been turned over to the Carnegie Institute. Some think the embossed lettering is genuine, while others claim it is a trick.—McKeesport (Pa.) Journal.

Perhaps it's both; that is to say, a "genuine trick."

WOMAN wants position, speaks German, from 3 to 10 o'clock.—Classified Ad.

What? Steadily!

ACROSS THE LINE



TREBIZOND OF THE "GRAND COMNENUS"

City on Black Sea, Now in War News, was Once Capital of an Empire Founded on the Ruins of a Greater One

TREBIZOND has something on Nineveh and Tyre. Once the prosperous and splendid capital of a prosperous and splendid empire, it has retained much of its importance through all the vicissitudes of its varied history. At present that importance consists—or did consist until the Russians very recently gave the town a mostly military meaning—in its commercial activity and power. It is situated at that point which commands the long-established trade route from Persia and Central Asia to Europe, over the tableland of Armenia, where the famous highway of travel and trade descends to the Black Sea. Russian cruisers are bombarding Trebizond, city of romance.

The caravan route that terminates at Trebizond is the course followed by Xenophon, when he led the Ten Thousand out of Mesopotamia and across the tableland of Armenia back to safety. It passes through Erzerum, 198 miles from Trebizond. Goods are carried back and forth along the highway on the backs of camels. A highway it is, though hardly fit for vehicles. Yet, for an Eastern country, it has been kept in fairly good condition for centuries and centuries, ever since the masterly retreat of the Ten Thousand.

Older Than Rome
Every schoolboy knows about the Ten Thousand. Darius, the great King of Persia, had two sons, Artaxerxes and Cyrus. Cyrus objected to the division of the kingdom, and in 400 B. C. organized an army in Greece and marched against his brother at Babylon. Cyrus was killed, his barbaric troops were scattered and the Greek mercenaries left to shift for themselves. Their commanders became ruffled, and Xenophon, who had accompanied the expedition as a war correspondent, assumed command, reorganized the force and led it back through an unknown country with marvelous skill. It was a military achievement that ranks among the most notable in history. Arrived at Trebizond the soldiers were hospitably received by the Greek settlers, and there they found boats for the journey back home.

Trebizond was settled by Greeks from the neighboring town of Sinope about 756 B. C. It is therefore older than Rome. Not much, but a matter of a few years. In course of time the Romans extended their empire to Trebizond and farther, and the city became the capital of the province of Cappadocia. Hadrian built the harbor, which wasn't a very good job, according to present standards, but good enough to satisfy the Turkish owners of the modern period. Gibbon describes the Trebizond of the Roman period. "Trebizond, celebrated in the retreat of the Ten Thousand as an ancient colony of Greeks, derived its wealth and splendor from the munificence of the Emperor Hadrian, who had constructed an artificial port on a coast left destitute by nature of secure harbors. The city was large and populous." The original name was Trapezus ("Table Land"), from the fact that the town originally occupied a sloping table land, with precipices on two sides, the slope descending to the sea. The area of the ancient city is now called the Kaleh, and is inhabited by the Turks. It is surrounded by a vine-covered wall of great antiquity. The total population of the present city is about 40,000, consisting of Turks, Kurds, Armenians, Greeks and a motley of other races.

Fragment of Byzantine Empire
The time of the Fourth Crusade Trebizond leaped into new prominence in history. The Byzantine empire, with its capital at Constantinople, was beginning to crumble. From the 11th to the 13th centuries the family of Comnenus held the Byzantine throne. An attempt has been made to trace the ancestry of Napoleon back to the Comneni, some of whom settled in Corsica after the break-up of the Eastern empire, but it has not been supported by valid evidence. One of them, Alexis Comnenus, escaped to Asia. He went first to Colchis, the country of the Golden Fleece sought by the Argonauts, and there he gathered an army with which he took possession of Trebizond. Though only 22 years old, he succeeded in making himself master of the greater part of the southern coast of the Black Sea. The empire thus established continued till the 15th century, when the Ottomans conquered Trebizond, having conquered Constantinople about eight years earlier. Alexis assumed the title of "Grand Comnenus," and by this title his successors were known.
The palace of Trebizond was famed for its magnificence, the court for its luxury and elaborate ceremonial, while at the same time it was frequently a hotbed of intrigue and immorality. The Grand Comneni were patrons

What Do You Know?



What Do You Know?

Queries of general interest will be answered in this column. Ten questions, the answers to which every well-informed person should know, are asked daily.

- 1. What American general, afterwards President, led foreign soldiers without orders in order to capture border bandits?
2. For what conspicuous service is General Funston best known?
3. What did the American Government do with the money received from China ostensibly to pay the expenses of our share in the expedition against the Boxers?
4. Who is the American Ambassador to Mexico?
5. How many men are there in the regular army within the continental limits of the United States?
6. About how far is the moon from the earth?
7. From what State is Senator Fall?
8. How long have Norway and Sweden been separate nations?
9. Why does a ship generally carry a chronometer with London as a base?
10. About what is the population of Cleveland?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

- 1. According to the Federal census of 1910 there are 235,220 dwellings in Philadelphia.
2. Pennsylvania is 10,000 square miles larger than Portugal.
3. Bath.
4. South Carolina.
5. William H. Thompson.
6. North.
7. Longfellow.
8. Hughson V.
9. Western.
10. Nathan Philmon Bryan.

Property Rights of a Woman

Editor of "What Do You Know?"—Will you please answer this question? If the wife of a husband holds the deed of a property in her name, can her property be taken away from her for any debts that her husband contracts or any debts that she may contract in her husband's name so long as she does not contract any in her own name? A. L. F.

Generally speaking, real estate owned by a wife cannot be sold for the husband's debts. A woman's real estate cannot be sold by legal process except upon a judgment against her. In certain cases judgment can be had against a woman for certain domestic debts for which the law holds her responsible as well as her husband. This answer is entirely general. It may or may not apply to the specific case you have in mind. Legal questions almost always hinge on specific facts. If you desire advice about some particular case, see a lawyer, or consult the Legal Aid Society, 34 South 16th street, which gives advice free.

Streets and Sewers

Editor of "What Do You Know?"—Can you tell me the length of streets in the cities of the United States which excel in that regard, including Philadelphia? Can you also give me some comparative figures on sewers in those cities? URBAN.

Table with 3 columns: City, Miles of streets, paved streets, Miles of sewers. Rows include Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Los Angeles, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, San Francisco, Washington.

What Every Schoolboy Knows

Editor of "What Do You Know?"—In re school-girl's inquiry for a passage in Macaulay regarding what every schoolboy knows, it seems to me likely that she refers to the celebrated passage in the essay on Milton, where the historian says that a schoolboy of 12 years now knows more geography than Strabo, etc. A. J. R. S.

True Worth

Editor of "What Do You Know?"—The poem that L. D. asks for is entitled "Nobility," and was written by Alice Cary. A. HRADEL.
Several other readers have answered the question. We reprint the poem in full for the benefit of those who have only one or two stanzas of it.
True worth is in being, not seeming;
In doing, each day that goes by,
Some little good—not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kindly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.
We get back our me as we measure,
We cannot do wrong and feel right;—
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,
For justice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin or wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight for the child of men.
We cannot make bargains for blisses,
Nor catch them like fishes in nets,
And sometimes the ending our life misses
Helps more than the thing which it gets.
For good lieth not in pursuing;
Nor gaining of great nor of small;
But just in the doing—and doing
As we would be done by, is all.

Through envy, through malice, through hate,
Against the world early and late,
No jot of our courage abating,
Our part is to work and to wait.
And slight is the sting of his trouble
Whose winnings are less than his worth;
For he who is honest, is noble,
Whatever his fortunes or birth.

Public opinion will continue to be on the President's side in his attitude toward the warring nations, and now that moderate or ill-disposed Congressmen have learned a lesson the country may count on a parliamentary calm for a time. It is well.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Possibly it was true that the laws of the State of Ohio have been violated by the maintenance of a combination fixing an unfair scale of wages for mill operatives. This, however, has continued for a long period, and if an indictable offense should have been so declared heretofore.—Washington Star.